

The SEAMAN'S
A R L A N D,

CONTAINING

SIX CHOICE SONGS.

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.
THE SAILOR'S RETURN.
THE BONNY SAILOR.
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.
THE WANDERING SAILOR.
JACK RATLIN.



P R E S T O N:
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JOLLY JACK TAR.

A Jolly Jack Tar, but a little while since,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,
Fell foul of an alehouse, and thought it a sin,
To pass without calling, so went roaring in.
Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came by
With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye;
From the mast-head a sailor, Jack leap'd from his
place,

And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chace.

Now it happen'd, together ten Frenchmen were
met,

Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget;

Convinc'd of ~~the error~~, they order'd a feast,

To be dress'd and serv'd up in a true English taste.

At the heels of the Landlord Jack quickly appears,
And made the room echo with three British
cheers;

Then set himself down, without any debate,
And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's
plate.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
Than thinking it needless to wait for a grace,
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief
First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's surprise
They shrug'd up their shoulders, and star'd with
their eyes ;

From one went a hah ! from another a hem !
They look'd at their Landlord, their Landlord at
them.

One, more bold than the rest by his brethren's
advice,

Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;
But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check,
Crying, down with your arms, or I'll soon clear
the deck.

At length to revenge all the Frenchmen unite,
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;
Of quarter, says Jack. I would not have you think
So strike, ye soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you
sink.

The Landlord, beholding, approach'd from afar,
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar ;
I've got him, says he ; but he scarce could say
more,

Ere he found his dull pate where his heels were
before.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
And laid on his broadsides so fast and so thick ;
He so well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.

The rest being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,
Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury the slain.

To which he consented, but order'd that they
For the beef and the pudding and porter should
pay;

So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,
Still whooping and crying—down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
He flew like light'ning to the side;
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
From her neat made hat of straw;
Red was her cheek when first she utter'd
It was her sailor that she saw.
And now the gazing crew surround her,
While, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each others arms.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

MY bonny Sailor's won my mind,
My heart with him is now at sea;
I hope the summer's western breeze,
Will bring him safely back to me:
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone;
What forts he's storm'd, how great the toils,
From France and Spain my sailor's won.
A thousand terrors chill'd my breast
When fancy brought the foe in view;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:
Bring, gentle gales, my sailor home,
His ship at anchor may I see;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one that loves like me.

His face by sultry times is wan,
His eyes by watching are less bright;
But still I love my charming man,
And run to meet him, when in sight:
His honest heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old;
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly Sailor bold.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear the
main mast by the board,
My heart with thoughts of thee my dear and love
well stor'd;
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea;
In hopes on shore to be once more,
Safe mov'd with thee.

Blow high, &c.

A lofty white mountains high we go,
The whistling wind that scuds along:
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be to think on thee,
And this shall be my song

Blow high, &c.

And on that night when all the crew,
 The memory of their former lives;
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweet-hearts and their wives
 I'll heave a sigh and think on thee,
 And as the ship rolls thro' the sea,
 The burthen of my song shall be.

Blow high, &c.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring Sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole;
 Tho' deathful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast!

May we when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

JACK RATLIN.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, or steer;
 No dang'rous toil, but he'd encounter
 With skill, and in contempt of fear.
 In fight a lion—the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he sigh—and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack's regard;
 He, while his mesmates were carousing,
 High sitting on his penning yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And, dying, sigh—to end his love.

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Amongst the rest brought Jack some tidings;
 Would it had been his love's fair hand!
 Oh! Fate! her death defac'd the letter—
 Instant his pulse forgot to move!
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh!—and dy'd for love.

